

HELPING THE LADS WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

What Is Being Done to Make the Junior Republic a Big Success.

Plans Soon to Be Disclosed That Ought to Insure a Great Result.

Answering the Objections of People Who Do Not Understand the Plan.

NEWS OF THE DAY FROM FREEVILLE.

The Journal's Correspondent Among the Young Citizens Tells of the Gratitude for the Help Already Given.

The Junior Republic is going to have its chance. That's sure now. There is some big news coming that will start a boom for the enterprise so strong that nobody who has the least bit of sympathy with good work can resist.

It cannot be told just yet because all the arrangements are not complete, but within a day or two the announcement will be made that will start the hands for the generous pockets of those who are willing to help along the greatest cause in the world.

You've no idea of the number of people who are becoming interested in the Junior Republic. The idea of a community governed entirely by boys and girls working out their own salvation from misery and poverty, their heritage of the crowded city streets is rather confusing at first.

The people who are asking questions about it and the letters of inquiry are coming in by the score. Look at the ragged vagabonds who infest the docks and the smaller streets and say: "What! Do you mean to tell me that that sort of a creature can be a mere journey from New York to the western part of the State be transformed from an unpleasant, predatory young ruffian into a boy anxious for the respect of his fellows, industrious and gentle, or even tolerant of the restrictions that interfere with his evil habits of life?"

The quotation is from a letter signed "J. V. Crane, M. D.," that reached the Journal office yesterday.

Now, the answer to that question and a hundred like it is: YES!

The bad boy of the streets is bad, as a rule, simply because of his environment. Change that and you change his view of life, the rewards for which he strives and the things he has to fear.

The average tenement house boy is neglected by his parents, if he has any. Poverty and its accompaniments prevent his getting a fair chance. He grows up, and in the process his models are larger boys who smoke, swear, fight and probably steal. He finds that the boy held in most esteem

by the lads among whom he lives is the boy who is most daring in his infractions of the law and most adroit in evading the consequences of his acts. Being caught is no disgrace. The truest view of a boy being dragged off by a policeman is that of a country toward a patriotic general who loses a battle through no fault of his own.

He comes back from jail or reformatory with sympathy and increased respect. When he gets up to the Junior Republic he finds first that he cannot bully other boys, and half of his evil influence is gone at once. He also finds that his mates no longer look with admiration on clever theft; instead they complain of him, and he is crushed by being handed off to answer for his fault by another boy, and he must stand and be judged by a lad probably smaller than himself.

There is no glory in going to jail under the new circumstances. Then he finds all the other boys striving for position, to get on the police force, to be a member of the Legislature, or a Judge, all of which will relieve him of the necessity of grubbing in the potato patch or carrying water or doing the other hard work. Work of some sort he must do—the boy legislature has made the rules for dealing with non-producers, and they are of such a character that the pauper is not a permanent problem at the Junior Republic. The work is there to do—as much of it as he cares to undertake.

The boy who has been roaming the streets of New York has with him the most to the point of understanding when he is getting the worst of it, and he realizes promptly that the system that works in New York City will not work in the Freeville farm; so he changes it, and within two days he is electing himself for an office or drawing on a contract. Get your lad once interested in honest endeavor and he will not waste time on mischief that is expensive and get him neither admiration nor exemption from work.

That is the explanation of the answer to Dr. Crane's question.

This Junior Republic is not a theory, an idea or a dream, but an actual fact that has been tried and found practicable. It is the best investment that anybody who feels a desire to do something for somebody besides himself ever got into. It isn't charity in the sense of giving something to somebody who cannot earn it for himself. It simply takes the children from the city and places them where where the scientific or skill they have will have a chance to develop in a legitimate way. It is a Fresh Air enterprise, with all the advantages of that charity and the additional advantages of turning the children into self-reliant and honest citizens.

But it takes money to do this thing on any considerable scale, and that money must be forthcoming, and the Journal is sure it will be.

The beauty of the enterprise is that every boy who has looked into it is enthusiastic over it. There have been many visitors to Freeville lately. They come there cynically inquisitive about the Junior Republic. They see the boys and girls working away, hear their grave talk of politics and questions of administration, watch the working of the judicial and legislative departments, and come away with wonder and admiration fighting for first place in their emotions.

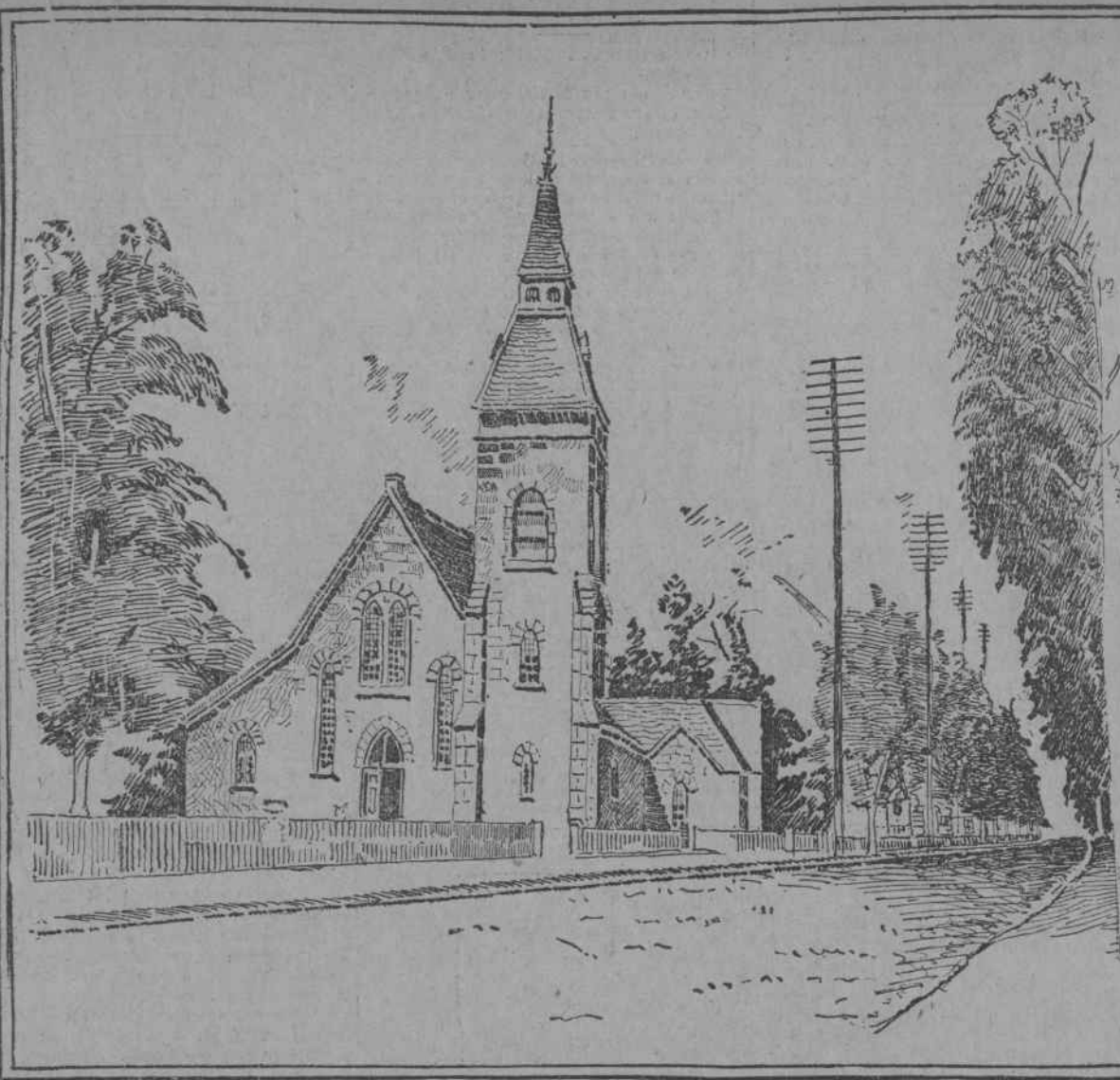
A great many schemes for raising money have been suggested, and all those that are practicable will be put into operation at once. Theatrical folk are beginning to talk about what they can do to help the Junior Republic. A number of business men are coming out for the best way to help. It's all very encouraging and the aggregate of all should be very handsome. But the shows and benefits and all those things will not bring in enough money. This matter must be a popular success.

The boys and girls who have good homes of their own are depended on to help out with their dimes and dollars. The fathers of these fortunate children must think of the little ones who were born to poverty and hard luck.

Don't, when you read this, say: "That's a pretty good thing apparently, I'll have to do something for it."

Getting in contact. If Jones sends a check for a few dollars, Brown will notice it and do likewise, and Smith and Robinson will follow.

Now, who will start this epidemic of giving for the cause of the Junior Republic? Don't satisfy yourself with the thought that your contribution will never be missed.



A CHURCH THAT IS SPLIT ON THE BICYCLE QUESTION.

The Rev. W. B. Waller, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Rochelle, is a warm champion of the bicycle, and he not only advocated the exercise from the pulpit, but had racks constructed in the church. Part of his congregation approved of his course, while the conservative element, led by Elder Renoud, roundly denounced it. Factions were created, and the argument got so hot that Mr. Waller fled to the seashore, and yesterday his assistant made an explanation, and a compromise may be effected by removing the racks to the woodshed.

That there will be enough without you. That is the theory that rocks such plans as this. Not that there is danger of this particular enterprise miscarrying. Its success is practically assured now, but the extent of the success is what I tell in question.

It intushape of a definite proposition. Here is a boy with such parents, he would be better without them. The wrecked tenement he sleeps in. He picks up his living anywhere, anyhow. Probably he steals already. If he does not, it is only a question when the opportunity will come and then he will be a thief. His logical end is in penitentiary. Between terms of imprisonment he will prey on the community.

There is no economy in that. Well, a few dollars from you will save this boy, will give him a home, a purpose and an ambition.

It rests with you whether he turns out honest man or criminal. The responsibility is yours. You have the power to make a man of him at a cost that means nothing to you. That is the way to look at it, and no

right minded man can look the proposition in the face and fail to put his hand in his pocket and do his share toward helping the Junior Republic.

Here is a bulletin of events at the Republic. It is written by a boy who is one of the shining examples of what the enterprise will do for a lad:

Freeville, N. Y., July 12.—Sunday has been a quiet day for the citizens of the Junior Republic. Sunday school at 10 a. m. and church at 4 p. m. Both services were interesting. Dr. Whiteman spoke to-day on the lesson of the birth of Christ. His talk was exceedingly interesting, and he illustrated his little speech by a chalk sketch. Regular classes were organized and were given in charge of teachers. About three-quarters of the members of the Republic were present. This afternoon's talk was given by Mr. W. R. George. The assembly was delighted and pleased. Mr. George's talk was accompanied by an object lesson. The lesson has taken root in many hearts. Delmonico's was in its glory to-day. The tables looked fresh and clean and inviting. Many indulged in the hospitality. The proprietors hired the prettiest girls in the

Republic to act as the waitresses at the tables. The receipts to-day at Delmonico's were \$31. Sherry's—that is the name of the other restaurant—receipts were \$20. The proprietors were delighted with the business.

The Republic was thrilled with delight at the arrival of the two horses. They were immediately cared for, watered, fed and carried into the stable. Every one was delighted. This is about all that has happened, besides fifteen arrests to-day.

The Republic has prospered finely, and homesickness is a thing found wanting now. There have been civil service examinations and many are endeavoring to pass so as to be able to become officers of the force.

The runaways, who are still serving their sentences at hard labor, are anxious to get out of the prison and they have all determined to reform. The ex-convict possesses \$1.50, which he proudly claims as his own. One night this week there were two lads sitting in front of the court building, and while they were reclining on the steps the Judge passed them. One of the boys said to the other: "Now I just tell yer dis ting, yer want'er to get

on de right side of dat bloke and den yer want get fined, so yer don't need dat skeered." But the other fellow remarked: "Now dat is jist where yer wrong, see. Didn't he fine his own brudder jist de same as any oder lad?"

Congress was in session yesterday and debated upon eight bills, which were sent in from the Senate. They appointed a committee on Ways and Means, which consists of Charles Smith and John Baer. The military code was also passed to-day. It gives the President full power to act as Commander-in-Chief and requires the companies to drill three times a week. Each drill is to be held in the evening. You could note the improvement made after all second and third drill. Shoulders began to straighten, chests to broaden and the whole appearance of each boy shows some change.

The hotels are booming in the style, their names are the Cortland and Waldorf. One restaurant is called the Delmonico, and the other Sherry's. The tables are spread with fine linen tablecloths. The knives and forks are of silver, and the small citizens act as natural as you can think. But alas! the ruin of the Republic is seen for some who are living beyond their income. A girl told me to-night that she received a letter from her father, who was her through the day with a surplus of five cents, and that she would have to work to-night to make ends meet to-morrow. I have not heard how she prospered, but the condition will jog her memory. The legislature passed a law forbidding visits and our Sabbath was quiet and free from noise.

JACOB SMITH.

WHO SENT THE MONKEY?

If You Want to Ship Mammoths, Mastodons or Other Pets to the Park, Please Notify the Superintendent.

"If people want to send us animals, why don't they write us first and see if we want them?" said Director Smith, of the Central Park Zoo, yesterday. "To-day we got a monkey. It seems a nice enough monkey, but what if it had been a mastodon? Yes, what if it had been a mastodon or a mammoth?" he demanded.

"Do you often get such things?" he was asked.

"Often enough," he said indignantly. "This monkey, as I said, is all right. Some time ago somebody sent us three dozen white rats. Think of that!"

"But you didn't accept them, did you?" "Had to," he replied disgustedly. "I came in the evening, when the night watchman was here, and he paid \$5 express charges. But they're dead," he added, with a satisfied look.

The monkey that drew forth these remarks is one of the most rolloresome in the entire Zoo. It is a little fellow, all brown, of the genus family—a South American kind. It came by express yesterday from South Nyack, N. Y., but who sent it is a mystery. The box was marked:

ONE MONKEY.
HANDLE WITH CARE.
DELIVER AT ONCE.

The monkey chatters a great deal and seems trying very hard to explain all about itself, but no one can quite understand it. It has been placed in the cage with the funny-capped Capuchin monkeys and is already fast friends with them.

"But I don't like this way of doing it. This is the way that awful gila monster came to us. Dropped in one day in an express box, and has threatened to bite us and cause our deaths in two hours afterward, ever since."

"Yes, or a mammoth or even a cow. People really ought to give us some warning."

Building and Loan Convention.

The State League of Building and Loan Associations will hold its annual meeting at the Pierpont Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, to-morrow and Wednesday. Addresses will be made by Mayor Wurstler, Charles O'C. Hennessy, Thomas F. Larkin and Professor Charles Haskins.

BICYCLES CREATE CHURCH FACTIONS.

New Rochelle All Torn Up Over the Question of Sunday Wheeling.

Pastor Waller Favored the Exercise and Had Racks Built in His Church.

THEN HE FLED FROM THE SCENE.

The Opposition Was So Strong That His Assistant Made an Explanation, and the Racks May Be Removed.

A fortnight ago all New Rochelle was astonished at learning that the Rev. W. B. Waller, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that place, had preached a sermon at the evening service in favor of bicycling and the use of the wheel.

A week later a number of the parishioners were more astonished to learn that bicycle racks had been fitted up in the vestibule of the church for those who wished to use them. This move found favor with some and created consternation in the minds of several of the elders, who foresaw in it a future desecration of the Lord's Day. Instantly two factions sprang up in the church.

The church, whose history dates back to 1688, first as the French Huguenot, and reconstructed in 1816 as a Presbyterian, is one of the most conservative in America. Among its parishioners are the families of Lester, Roosevelt, Ross, Carpenter, Hall, Corwin, Price, Ackerman, Griggs, Ware, Disbrow, Wilcox and others of equally well-known French and American names.

Many of these parishioners still forbid anything of a secular nature to be performed on the Lord's Day, and bicycling by the major part of them is looked upon as a profanation.

Elder Renoud exclaimed aloud when he heard the sermon in which his pastor encouraged the use of the bicycle, but when he heard of bicycle racks being made a part of the church he was stunned. He consulted with Elder Lester, and the two went to call on Mr. Waller.

Pastor Waller was a wise man, however, and after permitting the building of bicycle racks in the vestibule, had beaten himself to narragansett Pier and left the brethren to settle the matter between themselves.

Chief Ross, of the Fire Department, who is one of the pillars of the church, approved of Pastor Waller's action. There were others who didn't, said he, when speaking of the matter—"but they were of no account any way. Not modern enough."

Mr. Waller's assistant, however, put another face on the question yesterday, when he said that Pastor Waller's remarks concerning the bicycle did not apply to Sunday riding, but to week days only. He had been misunderstood and his actions had been misconstrued. The bicycle racks had been placed there so that those coming from a distance to attend prayer meeting Wednesday nights could come and have their wheels safely housed during the service.

This satisfied all except Elder Renoud and his followers. They think the bicycle racks ought to be removed to the woodshed, and when this is accomplished peace will once more be restored and not before. The chances are the racks will be removed.

Designs For Rainy-Day Costumes From All Parts of the Country.



To the woman submitting the best design for a rainy-day costume, THE JOURNAL offers that

costume made by one of the leading tailors of New York. The competition will last until

Monday, July 20. The decision will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest.

All designs must be accompanied by the name and address of the senders. A sketch accompanied by

a description of the gown is desirable. The sketch need not be a finished, artistic production, but

should give the designer's idea. All letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page.

Jury of award, Mrs. Jenness Miller, Mrs. Donald McLean and Dr. Grace Peckham Murray.

FEMININE NEWS.

What a Fashionable Bicyclist Is Wearing and How Mrs. Krueger Dresses.

Miss Dorothea Baird Makes Her Maiden Speech; Mrs. Lippincott, Seed Grower.

Miss Dorothea Baird, who created the part of Trilby in England, has got an admirable example to all the speechmakers of the stage. She is a great favorite at Oxford, and the other night, when she had been playing there, loud calls for a speech from her were given. Finally she walked down to the footlight, brushed aside a little wandering curl, and said: "I really haven't anything to say. You know I always like acting at Oxford over so much better than anywhere else, and—and—that's all." Then Miss Baird withdrew, another with bouquets and blushes.

Miss C. H. Lippincott, of Minneapolis, Minn., has for ten years carried on a successful flower seed business, extending it over this country and into Canada as well. She was the pioneer woman seed dealer of the country, and has built up the largest exclusive flower seed business in the United States. In commenting upon her success a newspaper says: "The fact that a woman has grown up so successful in business in a short time and in the Northwest speaks another word for the energetic end-of-the-century feminine, who is in content to fold her hands and let others feed and clothe her, or, having a living to make, does not hesitate to go about it."

The wife of "Oom Paul" Krueger, of the Transvaal, is superior to the vivacious of the woman of fashion, and her dressmakers and milliners' bills would make the ordinary husband dance for joy at their brevity and lightness. She dresses, a cynical correspondent says, in but two styles, and

jewelry is repugnant to her soul. A wide Malay skirt, with comfortable, loose-fitting jacket, with which are worn a black apron and black kappi, is her costume in the mornings, and black silk apron and white kappi in the afternoon, when she removes a number of the daintiest of dresses. She is one of a few remaining women in countries with any pretence to civilization who consider that they are obliged to wear their husbands. President Krueger in his spare moments tends his flowers and garden produce, in which Mrs. Krueger does a good trade in all and sundry.

The Countess of Castellane was a striking figure at the Grand Prix races in France. Her gown was a broad full skirt of deep blue, from each armhole seam came ribbons of deep blue velvet that met in a point at the bottom of the back and ended there in a bow. Over these ribbons there was an applique of cream pique open work embroidery in a curious twisting design. The sleeves were close fitting for quite a distance above the elbow, and were terminated by short full balloons of the silk with hands of embroidery.

Miss Frances Willard offers women some excellent advice in regard to their reading. She counsels a study of the newspapers. "Women are a set of passives on this subject, as a class," she says. "I am never annoyed by the fact that when the newspaper goes trotting through at full speed, if he finds the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they may want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a vim and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose patience in that way."

"Gossip is nothing but small news, the nickels, pennies and dimes, while the newspaper deals in dollars and Y's and X's; so it widens the mind more to read the news. Papers that to gossip about the neighbors."

According to report, Miss Virginia Fair is the possessor of at least one very remarkable bicycle costume. It is of checked cloth, scarlet and white. The close-fitting skirt is buttoned half way up with white buttons, each engraved with a bicycle, opens over a white shirt and stands up collar, and has a high, complete skirt of the coat are short, full and garnished with pockets; the revers of the skirt are of red satin and the sleeves are buttoned tightly at the wrist. A round hat of black straw, with a red ribbon and two upstanding black quills, black silk stockings, and cow-heeled shoes, complete an undeniably handsome and original toilet.

MORE OR LESS ABOUT WOMEN.

Private secretaries are becoming almost as necessary to the woman of society as to the man of business. Miss Helen Gould's vast correspondence, averaging forty letters daily, three-quarters of which are begging letters, necessitates a helping hand, in the office of secretary.

Mrs. Astor, during the winter, employs an amanuensis, who visits the home daily to attend to the answering of business and social letters. Mrs. Porter Palmer, woman of affairs that she is, is always accompanied by her private secretary. Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan also finds the services of an amanuensis an absolute necessity, as well as Mrs. Phelps-Stokes, Mrs. Havemeyer and Miss Grace Dodge.

Don't call your country place the hall or the court, unless it is somewhat pretentious in size. Although no matter how tiny, give it some distinctive name. Perhaps you will say that a tiny morsel of a place is not worth dignifying with a title, and possibly you are quite right, but Mr. and Mrs. John Bull would beg to differ and to assure you that any house that is worth living in is worth naming. The point to be considered is appropriateness.

Electric novelties are being introduced in all the millionaires' homes, and often at an expense of \$10,000 or \$12,000. At one very swell home in town, where electricity is everywhere, the mistress gave a luncheon party at which her guests were placed around tables, arranged in a long double curve. Wires led up to a number of little frosted lights, mounted on stands, and one of them was placed by each cover. After the luncheon, the circuits were cut and each guest was presented with a lamp

as a souvenir of the occasion. In the drawing room of this fairy palace every wire is an insulated tube, which can be put here or there, as it pleases the owner. For instance, a wire may be run up the side of an arm chair, and with the light in a fine tulip cup at one side, reading is possible without drawing up to a table.

Glenmont, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edison, at Llewellyn Park, N. J., is a fairy palace as regards the lighting of the house. Pressing a button in the hall lights up the place from basement to turret. Aside from its electric novelties and conveniences Glenmont is a most charming place. The drawing room, in crimson and gold, has many pictures by celebrated artists and several pieces of marble statuary; the two rooms are separated by an arch, supported by ornate pillars; a conservatory, filled with choice flowers, opens from one room. The dining room has a highly polished floor, nearly covered with a Persian rug; the furniture is massive and sombre, as befits a dining room, with a wainscoting of oak and a handsome frieze. A large screen, with Japanese figures, stands before the door leading into the billiard room, billiards being the only game Mr. Edison is ever known to indulge in, and that only upon rare occasions. Mrs. Edison's boudoir, on the second floor, is a pretty room, with a view from the windows of the Orange Mountains in the distance. All the beds are the double French beds, with draperies at the head of the muslin or dimity. Altogether, Glenmont is an ideal home, presided over by an agreeable and beautiful mistress.

ORANGE TARTLETS.

Orange tartlets make a dessert which young people are sure to appreciate. Take the juice of two oranges and the grated peel of one; three-fourths of a cup of sugar or one-half cup if the oranges are very sweet; one tablespoonful of butter, the juice of one-half a lemon to moisten one teaspoonful of corn flour. Beat all well together and bake in tartlet tins which have just been lined with puff paste.

A Morning Room.

Every well-appointed house nowadays must have a morning room. In olden days we used to say "sitting room," but we have changed all that now; we have glorified the room and placed "morning" where "sitting" had previously stood from time immemorial.

The most charming morning room that I know is all done up in delft blue and pale yellow. Blue indeed is always a favorite color for a morning room. "Give me plenty of blue, in plates, in hangings, in tiles, and I can make a morning room out of a dry goods box!" one lively girl was heard to exclaim the other day.

Mating a pretty China matting—is the most appropriate floor covering, with any number of Japanese rugs, or only one large one, as you please, the trail of blue being over it all. There is a large open fireplace, where wood burns cool mornings and evenings, for this morning room is in a house intended for summer occupancy. The mantel is rather an elaborate affair of white wood, built up with shelves which reach nearly to the ceiling and glass doors in front, any quantity of pretty bric-a-brac reposing within.

All about the fireplace, above, on either side and on the hearth are white muslin tiles, those above the fireplace being decorated in blue, with a pretty design of broad garlands, caught here and there in graceful loops and knots.

All the windows have fine muslin curtains, caught back, with overdraperies of pale yellow China silk. The same form the portieres at the folding doors leading into the dining-room on one side and the hall on the other. There is a small writing desk in one corner of the room, where the mistress, her family or her guests, find everything at hand to answer any letter received in the morning mail. There are

two or three book cases, of white wood, with the ends painted in blue, garlands and an appropriate text, like "Oh, for a book, and a quiet nook!"

A comfortable lounge, with the pillows in shades of blue or yellow, invites to ease, also pretty chairs of various descriptions, all of willow, as well as the little low rack for newspapers, the magazine table and the table for general use.

Across one side of the room runs a narrow shelf, about three inches wide, where photographs, vases and various odds and ends most do congregate.

Above hangs a lot of old English sporting prints; quite in keeping with these is a collection of whips, canes and hunting gowns, which find a local habitation upon a door leading into a closet. The walls are generously supplied with pictures, engravings, etchings and photographs of Tom in his dog cart, or Harry and his four-in-hand, or Daisy paddling her canoe. Perhaps here and there a picture of the room, no oil paintings, as you value your reputation. Just as many odd bits, placed here and there about the room, as you like. Bits picked up during your travels in England, Italy, Egypt, Mexico or on "Bargain day" at a Fifth Avenue shop; but let everything be blue, or yellow, for blue is heaven and yellow is sunshine.

Piano Seats and Drapery.

The straight back of an upright piano has inspired the brain of many a housewife to the invention of new kinds of drapery. But no matter how new the drapery or how ample its folds, the object is always obvious. To assist it and to give it a reason for being a most becoming background, the latest fashion of piano seats is as clever as it is comfortable. These seats may be with or without backs and should be placed directly in front of the piano, where the drapery falls. The Reclamer bench, in which any woman might fancy she would look well after reclining against its one arm, is peculiarly fitted to accomplish the pleasing result sought by the housewife.

PRESERVING TIME.

Berries Are At Their Cheapest. It is time to turn your thoughts to Winter menus, not because it is getting too cold for Summer ones, but because berries will soon be on the wane and all possibility of preserving them will then be over. Berries are now at their cheapest. Good, firm raspberries may be bought for eight or ten cents a box and made into all sorts of palatable things for Winter use.

To preserve the color and form of any small fruit the following recipe is a good one to keep by you. It calls for six quarts of sugar to twelve quarts of berries. To get the requisite amount of juice put three quarts of fruit with one quart of water into a preserving kettle, and after heating slowly mash thoroughly. Then drain through a piece of cheese cloth and press every particle of juice out. Next put the juice and sugar into the kettle and heat slowly to boiling point, stirring frequently. When the juice and sugar are well mixed, add the berries and cook for fifteen minutes. Frequent skimming is necessary after the liquid begins to bubble. The fruit being cooked, put it into jars, filling the remaining space with the juice.

A combination preserve of raspberries and currant juice is highly recommended by all those who have tried it. To twelve quarts of raspberries use three quarts of currants and three quarts of sugar. Prepare the currants and then cook them slowly for an hour, stirring and mashing constantly. Then pour the hot fruit and juice through a square of cheese cloth, squeezing out as much juice as possible; add the sugar and keep on stirring till it is well melted. When the syrup begins to boil pour in your raspberries and let them cook in it for ten minutes; then fill your jars.

One more recipe is worth giving, not because it is better than others, but because it may be done without cooking, a consideration at this season. Twelve quarts of raspberries and nine pints of granulated sugar should be mashed together and kept in a cool place for three or four hours. Then, in an extra mixing of the fruit and sugar, pack in jars after you have been careful to exhaust the air in each jar by holding it over a lighted candle for half a minute.